

THE ¹²
HISTORY
OF
TOM THUMB. ^{107 1/2 29} ₇ ^K

Wherein is declared his marvellous Acts of
Manhood, full of Wonder and Merri-
ment, being of great Use for young
Children.

P A R T I.



WHITEHAVEN:
Printed for and Sold by J DUNN.

HISTORY

TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared his marvellous Adventures
Mischiefes, and Wonders and Miracles
event, being of great Use for young
Children

PART I.



Printed by J. W. at the ...
... of the ...

For which they were severely whipt,
Whereat he laugh'd out-right.

And so *Tom Thumb* restrained was,
From this his Sport and Play;
And by his Mother, after that,
Compell'd at Home to stay:
Whereas about the *Christmas* Time,
His Father a Hog had kill'd,
And *Tom* would see the Pudding made,
For Fear it should be spoil'd.



C H A P. II.

How Tom Thumb fell into the Pudding-bowl: Likewise how he escaped out of the Tinker's Budget.

HE sat upon the Pudding-bowl,
The Candle for to hold,
Of which there is unto this Day,
A pretty Story told:
For *Tom* fell in, and could not be
For somtime after found;

For in the Blood and Batter he
 Was lost and almost drown'd
 Where searching long, but all in vain,
 His Mother after that,
 Into a Pudding put her Son,
 Instead of minced Fat:



Which Pudding of the largest Size,
 Into a Kettle thrown,
 Made all the Rest to fly thereout,
 As with a Whirlwind blown,
 For so it tumbled up and down,

Within the Liquor there,
 As if the Devil had been boil'd,
 Such was his Mother's Fear :
 Then up she took the Pudding straight,
 And gave it at the Door,
 Unto a Tinker, which from thence
 It, in his black Budget, bore.
 But as the Tinker climb'd a Stile,



He chanc'd to let a Crack,
 Now Gib, old Man, out cry'd Tom Thumb,
 When hanging at his Back.
 At which the Tinker began to run,
 And would no longer stay,
 But cast his Bag and Pudding down,
 And thence hy'd fast away.
 From which Tom Thumb got loose at last,

And Home return'd again :
 Where he from following Dangers long,
 In Safety did remain,
 Until such Time his Mother went
 A milking of her Kine,
 Where Tom unto a Thistle fast,
 She linked with a Line.



C H A P. III.

*How Tom Thumb being ty'd to a Thistle,
 his Mother's Cow eat him up: Shewing the
 strange Deliverance he had out of her
 Belly.*

A Thread that held him to the same,
 For Fear the blustering Wind
 Should blow from thence, so that he might

Her Son in safe ty find :
 But mark the hap, a Cow came by,
 And up the Thistle eat ;
 Poor Tom withal (that as a Dock)
 Was made the red Cow's Meat.
 Who being mist, his Mother went,
 Him calling every where ;
Where art thou Tom? Where art thou Tom
 Quoth he, *Here, Mother ! here !*
Within the red Cow's Belly here,
Thy Son is swallowed up,
 The which unto her woeful Heart,
 Much fearful Dolour put.

Mean While the Cow was troubled sore,
 Within her troubled Womb,
 And could not rest until that she
 Had Backward cast *Tom Thumb*,
 There all besmeared as he was,
 His Mother took him up ,
 The which to bear him hence poor Lad,
 She in her Apron put.

NOW she is in lowing Time,
 His Father would him have
 Into the Field to drive the Plow,

And Home return'd again :
 Where he from following Dangers long,
 In Safety did remain,
 Until such Time his Mother went
 A milking of her Kine,
 Where Tom unto a Thistle fast,
 She linked with a Line.



C H A P. III.

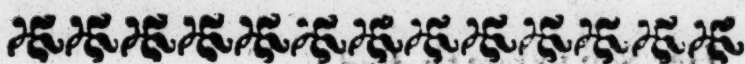
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C H A P. IV.

How Tom Thumb was carried away by a Raven, and swallowed up by a Giant ; and what other strange Accidents happened unto him.



NOW after this in lowing Time,
His Father would him have,
Into the Field to drive the Plow,

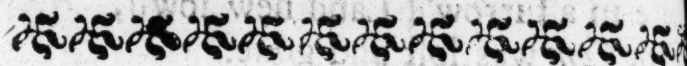
And therewithal him gave,
 Whip made of a Barley straw,
 To drive the the Cattle on;
 Where in a furrow'd Land new sown,
 Poor *Tom* was lost and gone.

Now by a Raven of great Strength,
 Away poor *Tom* was borne,
 And carried in the Carrion's Beak,
 Then as a Grain of Corn,
 Unto the Giant's Castle Top,
 On which she let him fall;
 Where soon the Giant swallowed up
 His Body, Clothes and all.

But in his Belly did *Tom Thumb*
 So great a tumbling make,
 That neither Day nor Night he could
 The smallest Quiet take
 Until the Giant had him spew'd,
 Three Miles into the Sea;
 Whereas a Fish soon took him up
 And bore him thence away.

Which lusty Fish was after caught,
 And to King *Arthur* sent;
 Where *Tom* was kept, and made his Dwarf,
 Where all his Days he spent:
 Long Time he liv'd in Jollity,
 Beloved of the Court;
 Upon the Queen's left Hand

And none like *Tom* was then esteemed,
Among the noble Sort.



C H A P. V.

*How Tom Thumb, by the Command of King
Arthur dances a Galliard on the Queen's
Left Hand.*



Amongst the Deeds of Courtship done
His Highness did command,
That he should dance a Galliard brave,
Upon the Queen's Left Hand.

King
een

done